PR
5708
W46C3

Class PR5708
Book .W46C3

# CASWALLON;

OR,

# THE BRITON CHIEF.

A TRAGEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS.

---

BY C. E. WALKER, B. A.

AUTHOR OF "WALLACE," A TRAGEDY.

---

FIRST PERFORMED AT

THE THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE,

On Monday, January 12th, 1829.

Baltimore:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY J. ROBINSON,

Circulating Library and Dramatic Repository.

1829.

PR5708
W46C3

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DRURY LANE, 1829.

---

ENGLISH.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Roger de Mortimer, | | *Mr. Aitken.* |
| Sir Cecil Ormsby, | Knights in the service of Edward II. | *C. Jones.* |
| Sir Hugh de Lacy, | | *J. Vining.* |
| Sir Armyn Fitz-Edward, | | *Cooper.* |
| Audley, | | *Thompson.* |
| Harcourt, | | *Lee.* |

Officers—Messrs. T. Brown, Brady, Cowen, and Rayner.

CAMBRIANS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Caswallon, | | *Mr. Young.* |
| Caradoc, | Chiefs of the Insurgents. | *Mude.* |
| Hoel, | | *Cathie.* |
| Mador, (a Bard) | | *Younge.* |

Leaders.—Messrs. Walsh, Willing, Jones, and Tolkien.

Bards.—Messrs. Bedford, Bland, Robinson, Nelson, Sheriff, &c.

| | |
|---|---|
| Eva, | *Miss Phillips.* |
| Goervyl, | *Curtis.* |

Scene.—At Conway Castle, and in the Environs of Snowdon.

# PREFACE.

The following brief extract from Hume's History of England may be said to form the ground-work of the present Tragedy. "Edward (the 2d), besides other disasters, was also infested with a rebellion in Wales, and above all, by the factions of his own nobility." The condition of the unfortunate Combro-Britons, after the conquest of their country by the first Edward, and the death of their last sovereign, Lewellyn, appeared to present to the Author a suitable field for the construction of a Dramatic Tale. It must be observed, however, that the incidents are for the most part fictitious, although it is affirmed by historians that Lewellyn left an infant daughter, of which fact the Author has availed himself, as it appeared best to assist his purpose.

The circumstance of the massacre of the Bards will be remembered by all those who have read Gray's admirable Ode on that subject.

So much for the basis on which the Play was built. The Author would now beg permission to state a few facts respecting it. And first, he would observe, that "Caswallon" was written nearly seven years ago; that in the spring of 1823 it was read, and he may add approved of, by several gentlemen connected with the Theatres, both of Drury Lane and Covent Garden; and that it remains scene for scene, and almost sentence for sentence, as it was originally composed. This may be unimportant to the public, but it is mentioned, lest the work in question should be supposed to have encroached upon the time which the Author owes to his present profession.

In conclusion, he would turn to those, whose efforts, he must feel convinced, have so mainly contributed to the success of his work. But—what shall he say? The terms of obligation on such occasions have been long ago exhausted. Let each and all therefore concerned either in the production or the representation of "Caswallon" accept the sum and substance of more lengthy acknowledgments, when he offers them his sincere and cordial "*thanks.*"

# PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN BY A LADY, AND INTENDED FOR THE TRAGEDY.

Too oft the votary of the Stage complains
That deep-wrought Tragedy's neglected strains
No longer vibrate on the listening ear,
Rouse the high thought, or wake the silent tear.
But sure your plaudits scarce have died away,
Since on these boards ye hail'd a genuine Play:
Since here the Muse, with true poetic fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of th' heroic lyre;
And deeds of vanish'd ages to rehearse
In all the majesty of English verse,
Bade the dark portals of the tomb unclose,
While, at her potent spell, RIENZI rose!

Though with such merit ill-prepared to cope,
One claim to favour still supports our hope.
From ancient Britain's rich historic page
Our Author culls materials for the Stage;
What time wide-conquering Edward's stern com-
Spread desolation o'er a sister land:— [mand
That land, whose minstrel from the mountain's side,
Dared mock th' exulting tyrant's crested pride;
O'er his arm'd legions scatter'd wild dismay—
The land that's hallow'd by the muse of GRAY.

And sure that public, who in earlier years
Calm'd the first tremor of his boyish fears,
Will greet the bard who strives once more to bind
In chains of sympathy the captive mind:
Who paints from feeling's unexhausted source
Of strong contending ties th' opposing force,
The sterner cares which patriot bosoms feel,
The lover's anguish, and the subject's zeal.

But to the test:—the expected scenes appear—
CASWALLON speaks—and generous Britons hear,

# CASWALLON,

OR

# THE BRITON CHIEF.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—*Exterior of Conway Castle.*

*Enter* MORTIMER *and* AUDLEY.

*Mort.* Beshrew me, but the tidings that thou bring'st
Are no less strange than stirring, my good Audley.
The king in arms! —The soft, effeminate Edward
In arms! A victor, too.—
*Aud.* A healthful victor.—
At Chester town he sojourns: o'er whose gates,
Glaring in ghastly row, are now beheld
The heads of his discomfited enemies.
*Mort* So, to thy high built hopes a long adieu,
Thomas of Lancaster,—whose daring arm
First held the lighted torch of discord up
That through so many darkling years hath blazed
The beacon of rebellion. Yet, my friend,
Though from its pierced shrouds the son of Edward
Undimm'd appear to break, in mid-air still
Hangs a dark cloud that shall not pass away.
What though the bolts of Lancaster fell harmless,
My thunders now shall sound.—
*Aud.* And may the shafts
Thou launchest strike more certain. As I think,
The king suspects thee not; but yet, to build
His confidence upon a surer basis,
Might not some specious act be straight devised—?

*Mort.* Thou hast forestalled my speech, or I had told thee
How, by despair or something like it prompted,
The Cambrian here again hath risen in arms.
Whom, as I cannot, from the hate that still
Hath lived between us, tie him to our cause,
I'll straight oppose, and with such furious zeal
As shall destroy each doubt, if doubt indeed
Of my fair faith have place, in Edward's breast.

(*A horn sounds*)

The warder's signal. See who come.—
*Aud.* A troop
That my hot haste outsped upon the road ;—
Sir Cecil Ormsby, and Sir Hugh De Lacy,
With young Fitz-Edward.—
*Mort.* How—Fitz-Edward here!
Audley, I hate that youth—that foundling slave,
Who, not e'en worth a name, i' the monarch's smiles
Suns his bright skin, and bears as haught a crest
As though a line of emperors had produced him!
But hush—he comes.—

*Enter* ORMSBY, DE LACY, *and* FITZ-EDWARD.

Sir Cecil Ormsby, welcome.—
And welcome, too, your gallant friends.—In sooth
Our towers are much ennobled by the presence
Of three so puissant knights.
*Orms.* You do us honour—
More, my good lord, in this your high report,
Than our short stay will let us prove we merit.
*Mort.* Mean you so soon to quit us?
*De La.* It must be.—
We are but birds of passage, good my lord,
That here have lit to trim our ruffled plumes,
Ere we take wing again.
*Orms.* Yet first to do
Our errand. What may we report to Edward
Of thy hot neighbours here—rough Arvon's sons?

Quelled is the testy spirit that inflamed
To desperate strife; or yet within their breasts
Smouldering the living fire?
*Mort.* I must confess,
Not wholly hath the flame burnt itself out,
This very morning, as our spies inform us,
A band of armed mountaineers were seen
To move towards Snowdon.
*Fitz-Ed.* Armed mountaineers
Tow'rds Snowdon, said'st thou?
*De La.* Aye? 'Tis time indeed then
These sparks were trodden out, or ere they set
Our realms a-blaze again.
*Mort.* Doubt not my care:
Nor think rebellion e'er shall hold its course
Uncheck'd, while Mortimer commands at Conway.—
But how?—Your partner heeds us not. *(Observing Fitz-Edward, who is in deep thought.)* He seems
Quite lost.
*De La.* A common failing.—His thoughts now
I'll warrant me are in some shadowy dell,
Or lady's bower, perchance,—'mid faltered vows—
'Mid fluttering hearts, clasped hands, and clinging lips.—
Say I not rightly?—*(To Fitz-Edward.)*—Hum!—A sigh.—
I'm answered.—
*Fitz-Ed.* Did'st speak to me? Pray pardon—but my thoughts
Were wandering. *(To Mortimer)*—'Tis thy purport then, my lord,
To lead direct the gathered strength of Conway
Against these wretched—
*De La.* Oh!—I read thee now.—
What—fearful lest the tiger-spring of war
Should crush thy wild wood flower?—
*Fitz-Ed.* Pshaw! trifler—peace!
*Orms. (smiling.)* De Lacy, you speak idly.—
*Mort.* At the least

Obscurely.

*De La.* What! thou hast not heard, and yet
So near the scene of action? Why, 'twas here
He got his wound.—

*Mort.* His wound!

*Fitz-Ed.* Nay—prithee peace!

*De La.* I say 'twas here the shaft transfixed him
—shot
Through loophole of a mountain-maiden's eye.
A most incurable wound!—Why at this rate
The King will soon be soldierless!—Who now
Would think that this same quintessence of sighs
Was once a man?—Aye and a brave one too—
Whose mistress was the fiery-eyed
Bellona—beauty of the embattled plain!
To see him now—like some sad stricken deer,
Seeking out desert shades—the while to hear him,
As with down-drooping head, and lifted arm
He leans against some mossy old oak's stem,
Sighing—"Ah! hateful duty—direful day—
That tore me from my tender love away!"
Oh! fie on it! no words—reform—reform.

*Mort.* Ha! Ha! (*smiling*) Sir Hugh de Lacy still,
I see!
A truce howe'er to jest—the banquet waits
Within, and the red wine-cup chides our stay.
Wil't please you enter?—Nay for some short hours
Our castle takes you captive;—thence delivered,
If ye will on with us tow'rd yonder hills,
So—we shall hold us honour'd in your aid.

*Orms.* Thanks, noble Baron—but it may not be—
Ere the sun westers, I must hence.

*De La.* And I—
No—now I do bethink me—I'll remain—
My spear-head's rough with rust, and my sword longs
To flash its brightness in the face of day.
I'll e'en with thee—and tilt at these same rebels—
Howe'er we'll taste thy cheer.

*Exeunt* MORTIMER *and* ORMSBY—DE LACY *lingers*

*De La. (to Fitz-Ed.)* Sir Melancholy!
When thou hast puffed thy latest sigh from thee,
Thou'lt follow to the feast?
*Fitz-Ed.* De Lacey!
*De La.* Well!
*Fitz-Ed.* This is unkind—I did not think to meet
These scoffs from thee—from friendship—Shall I speak
Dy meditations?
*Ee La.* Prithee do—I'll listen,
Though to the wofullest love-tale that e'er dimm'd
A young girl's eye, or set old age asleep.
*Fitz-Ed.* Oh! tis not that—these wretched mountaineers
'Gainst whom thou goest to battle—'tis of them
That I would speak—these wretched and oppressed—
*De La* Oppressed!—the traitors!
*Fitz-Ed.* Nay—
*De La.* The insolent—
*Fitz-Ed.* Hold!
They are my countrymen—reflect—
*De La.* 'Tis well
Or rather—'tis not well.—Now, on my life,
I do believe thy heart's a secret rebel!
*Fitz-Ed.* You know it better—know there's none that beats
In the wide realm more true,—yet, while I love
(How could I not do so?) the King, who trusts,
Upholds, and honours me, I cannot see
Unmoved his nobles' tyranny—nor shut
My heart against the manifold injuries
Of an oppress'd—because a conquer'd nation.
*De La.* (*affecting to weep*). Oh! most sweet feelings! keen and just rebuke!—
See if it hath not drawn to my sad eyes
Th' unwonted water-drops.—Well! well! what 'tis
To have a heart! And think'st thou in this way
To scribble o'er thy soul's true character,

And that I cannot read it? cannot see
'Tis for thy bright-eyed maid alone thou fearest?
And in good truth thou hast some cause—your soldiers
Have piercing eyes—I warrant me, they'll beat
Each bush and bramble, but they'll start the game.
And if she cross *me* in my path—
*Fitz-Ed.* Thou wilt
Protect her—come, I've tried thee, and I'll trust thee
This levity to those who know thy worth
Is only as the river's sedgy top,
Whose stream still glideth uncorrupt beneath.
*De La.* Pshaw!—I hate flattery worse than I do love:
And so no more of either: fare thee well!
The wine-cup waits—did'st thou not hear?—and horn
Of native hydromel:—Heaven help thy taste!—
That dost prefer, after long travel too,
To feed on air;—for me, who cannot boast
That strange chameleon quality, I own
A banquet has some certain charms; and so
Not to neglect them, once again, farewell.
I' faith, I pity thee.— [*exit.*
*Fitz-Ed.* He pities me!
Such pity might the untaught Indian feel
For the rapt saint—he pities me!—Oh Eva!
Had he beheld thee—prest thee to his bosom—
Perceived, like me, thy sweet unclosing eyes
As the glad consciousness of safety flashed
From their full orbs, silently blessing him
For deeds his arm had wrought in thy defence—
But it escapes me—should their ruffian hands
Again assail—and I not near to aid—
I'll hence o' the instant:—seek yon hallowed spot
Where yet thy footprints linger—where the air
Yet breathes of thee, and every gentle gale,
That stirs amid the waring forest, seems
With whispering tongue to syllable thyname.

My wretched countrymen—they too must hear
My warning voice: I'll pierce to their retreat,
Apprize them of the storm that's gathering round.
And snatch them, ye hard tyrants, from your hate.
[*exit.*

---

SCENE II.—*A romantic Glen.—On one side a rude Hut, partly concealed by overhanging trees. Mountains in the back ground.*—MADOR *is discovered, having suspended his harp upon the branches of a large oak.*

*Mad.* Thou ancient Oak—that with outstretched arms
Did'st welcome to thy friendly shade, the spent
And homeless spirit of freedom—lo! I hang
My latest treasure on thee!—there abide,
My harp—alas!—how vain the hope that e'er
I may again burst the sad spell that binds thee,
Or wake thy tranced strings to any theme
That speaks not Cambria's ruin!—
Where are ye,
Ye spirits of song—ye souls of my slain brethren?
Hover ye yet around the land that once
Reechoed with your raptures?—Sainted friends—
Yours was the death of fame!—
Hark!—heard I not
A footstep?—it is he—mine honour'd lord.

(CASWALLON *descends the rocks, as pursued; still looking towards the side on which he has entered.*)

*Mad.* Caswallon!— whence this haste—these ireful looks—
This wild demeanour?

*Cas.* They have missed my track.
Hark to their halloo in the distant vales!—
And have I foil'd ye, hell-hounds!

*Mad.* Holiest Saints!
Hast been perceived?

*Cas.* Shame chokes my utterance—yes—
Perceived, and forced to fly:—from crag to crag
Chased like the mountain quarry. Yet thou know'st—
But for the tie that binds me to existence—
Oh, well thou know'st the shame of craven flight
Had not been mine;—that rather I had sprung
Resistless, tiger-like, upon their spears,
And proudly died:—in death's last agony
Grappling the foremost of my fierce assailants,
And crushing the strong life from out his heart!
*Mad.* The Heav'ns forefend!—Ah! wherefore wil't thou thus
Stray heedless o'er the mountains, even as though
The merciless stranger sway'd not through the land,
Nor set a price on thine attainted head!
*Cas.* What should I do?—Thou canst not estimate
Th' impatient stir and throbbings of strong manhood,
By the faint ebbs and flows in the heart of age.
Should I confine me from my native hills,
Life were not life. I tell thee, dull old man—
Pshaw!—I am harsh--unthankful--petulant--
I prate I know not what.--Forgive me, Mador--
Oh! 'tis not thou hast anger'd me.--My country?
My wretched country?--shall the violent stranger
Lord it for ever o'er thy ravaged vales!--
For ever fix upon thy mountain tops
The watch towers of his strength and our despair!--
Is this Heaven's will!--What heard'st thou?
*Mad.* Through the glen
Advancing footsteps.--Fly--fly.—
*Cas.* Again!
*Mad.* Delay,
And art thou lost.
*Cas.* Or, rather, I am found.—
And be it so:--I stir not from this spot.
*Mad.* Fatal resolve!--Yet think of her, my lord,
If my tears fail to move thee--think of her,
The tender flower that lives but in thy light.
What were *her* fate, if 'reft of thee!

*Cas.* Forbear—
Press not that theme:—it tortures—it subdues me!—
Do with me as thou wilt. [*exit into the hut.*
*Mad.* I'll wait without;
And haply they may pass, as deeming me
The lone possessor of this forest cell.

*Enter* CARADOC *and* HOEL.

*Cara.* 'Tis this way, then, he must have pass'd:
*Hoel.* And lo!
Where the broad arms of yon outspreading oak
Embrace a secret dwelling.—We will enter.—
'Tis haply here that—
*Mad. (advancing).* Hold, rude man—nor tempt
Mine order's curse.—What would'st thou?
*Cara.* Sire revered,
We bend before thee.
*Mad.* Wherefore have ye sought,
From the far world, these desert shades?—a spot
Sacred to holiest solitude; and e'en
From the first birth of nature, unprofaned
By sound of steel, or sight of armed men.
*Cara.* Thy pardon, that we rudely dare to break
Upon its privacy.—If known the cause,
It surely might absolve us.
*Mad.* Briefly tell it.
*Hoel.* As briefly answer.—Shrouds not yon lone hut
The chief, Caswallon?
*Mad.* Whence hadst thou the thought
To find him here?
*Cara.* He cross'd us even now.—
Nay, think not, holy Bard, we trace his steps
With traitorous aim.—Too well we know the price
That barbarous England sets on his brave head;—
And oh! too well, what harlot charms hath gold,
E'en in the eyes of our own countrymen.
But with far other hopes we seek Caswallon.
We follow him, to place within his grasp

The avenger's sword.—It now awaits his wielding,
Let him but lead the way in freedom's path—
And know, there are not wanting, through the land,
Hearts prompt to dare, and hands to execute.

(CASWALLON *here re-appears at the door of the hut.*)

*Mad.* I hear thee, and am lost in strange amaze.—
Mean'st thou, that Cambria, our poor bleeding country,
Hath dared again—?

*Cara.* To shake the tyrant's foot
From her down trodden neck!—I tell thee, Father,
That did I blow but one blast of this bugle,
The sound should summon forth from their retreat
Two thousand armed Britons.—Hear'st thou that?
A band, that were Caswallon but to lead them,—
Were he, who now is absent—

*Cas.* (*unable to restrain his emotion, rushing forward.*) No—he's here
Here at thy side.—Thou heavenly messenger
Of life and light, where all around was darkness!
Oh, instant sound the trump—or take me hence
To yon bright spot, irradiate with shine
Of spirits like thee, and the last drop of blood
In these full veins shall fall for them and freedom!

*Hoel.* Thou honour'd warrior, who for sixteen years
Invisible to every eye hast been—
Do we again behold thee?

*Cas.* And thou risest
Beautiful in thy strength, my native country!
And thou hast girded on thy sword of valour,
And with the iron heel of indignation
Hast spurned the spurner from thee!—the loud summons
To liberty and vengeance has gone forth
Amid thy mountains!—Snowdon, the great king,
Hath issued it— and Idris echoed back
The inspiring sound!—Aye, shout, ye hills!—high lift

Your everlasting heads, and shout for joy!—
Ye shall be free!—Ye shall again be free!
*Cara.* Oh, be thy words prophetic!—But 'twere good
We now return'd to our expectant friends.
How will the sight of thee, their gladden'd hearts
Fill with new life!—of thee, their chief and king.—
For on thy head hath Cambria fix'd to set
The regal crown.
*Cas.* On mine?—Oh, never, friends,
That circling glory shall descend on me.—
Never upon Caswallon's brow shall sit
Another's right.
*Cara.* Another's!—
*Cas.* Doth it wake you?—
What if a branch of Cambria's royal tree
Had still escaped the blighting tempest's spite?
A scion of Lewellyn's lofty stem?—
What an I pledged myself to place before ye,
Flourishing now in full maturity,
His lineal heir?
*Cara.* It were a blessed chance.
It were to set a standard on our hills
Round which the realm should range itself in arms.
*Cas* Enough—here break we off—at Snowdon's foot
Together summon your brave bands; and there
I'll join them.—There shall they behold—but haste,
Time presses.—Be it thine, my faithful Mador,
To bear these chieftains company, and share
The glorious tale among them.—Fare thee well.—
Anon I'll follow thee. [*Exeunt* MADOR *and Chiefs.*
Oh happiness!—
If hitherto thou hast but transiently
Glanced on my soul, like the brief lightning's flash
Fading away, ere I have felt thy presence,
Now—now I have thee!—now my raptured soul
Basks in the full shine of thy favouring beams!
Hoa!—Eva—hoa!

*Enter* Eva.

*Eva* My father.—'Twas his voice.—
And thou'rt returned at last!—Fie on thee, loiterer!
How long hast thou been absent.—But I'll punish thee.
This truant disposition of to-day
Shall mulct thee of thy morrow's sport, mine huntsman.
Mark if it do not.
*Cas.* Dearest child!
*Eva.* If thus
The chase should rob me of thy love—but ah!
As now I gaze on thee, some strange emotion
Seems to possess thy soul.—Thy changeful cheek
Is flushed and pale by turns.—And yet a gladness
Sits sparkling in thine eye.—If aught had happ'd
It is of moment sure to move thee thus.
My father, what hath chanced?
*Cas.* I cannot speak!
Our country—let that word declare it all.—
And yet—
*Eva.* Thou'rt pale, and shiverest: faint belike
With thy long fasting—spent with exercise.
*Cas.* Not that—it is not that.—Oh Eva hear me,
I have a thing to say—a tale of wonder
To pour into thy bosom—but I know
Thy nature well—and thou wilt love me still.
List to me Eva.—
*Eva.* Love thee—love thee still!
Thy words are wrapt in darkest mystery—
But I do listen.—
*Cas.* Now sustain me, Heaven!
After that last great battle—that which fix'd
The Saxon stranger in our groaning land,
On Bualt's bloody plain I stood alone.
The sole survivor of my slaughtered friends—
Death had that day been busy with the best
Of all our host—but still had fled from me;
And o'er the thick heaps of the trampled slain

I still was seeking him—when—horrible sight—
The rich helm cleft upon his kingly brow,
Before me, pale and bleeding, lay Lewellyn—!
*Eva.* Our latest, noblest king!
*Cas.* The great Lewellyn—
Soul-struck I sank beside him—and his hand,
As cold it lay upon the gory plain,
Caught to my burning lips—the touch restored
His fading senses—Oh! and the wild joy
That lightning-like thrill'd through me, when I saw
His eyes still shooting forth the fires of life.—
I raised him in my arms—"And art though here?
And hath heaven sent thee to my prayers?" he cried—
Then pointing to his palace—"Haste and save"
He added in a whisper, "ere the foe
Has fired our dwellings—save my child"—
*Eva.* His child!
Said you his child?—
*Cas.* Upon the word, I sprang
From earth—he smiling sank down at my feet,
And—died!—I did not think to shed a tear
At such an hour.
*Eva.* Oh pardon—but the child—
The helpless infant—?
*Cas.* 'Twas a night of terror—
I well remember it—and the storm-fires flash'd—
And the wild thunders roll'd our dead king's knell!
Oh! but I bless'd their deep and drowning voices;
For, ever in the pauses of their wrath,
The fiercer foe's exulting shouts uprose.—
And I was struggling on, glen after glen,
And now had gain'd that topmost mount, where stood
Our monarch's palace:—for a time, the child
Thro' its deserted halls I sought in vain.
At length within the chapel's sacred pale,
Peacefully at the altar's foot enshrin'd,
As who should say—"Here I'm insafety sure"

I saw it—the sweet sleeping one.—From fire,
And sword, and insult, storm, and wreck, and ruin,
I snatch'd it—saved it!—as you see, e'en now
The joy o'erpowers me.—
*Eva.* And 'tis living still?—
*Cas.* Aye, I thank Heaven!—'Tis living—blooming.—Eva,
That child art thou!—
*Eva.* I!—I that child?—my father—
Thou art my father—art thou not?—and this
That I have heard thee say was but to try
The depth of my affections.—Thou distrustful!
To think the false lure of a royal birth
Should so ensnare me.—Oh! thou might'st have known
I would not forfeit that transcendant claim
To thy paternal love for all the wealth,
Heirdoms, and honours the wide world contain
*Cas.* Ha!—I had not expected this.—Oh pardon
That I have dared deceive thee—dared usurp
Even from thine infant—
*Eva.* Am I not thy child?
*Cas.* Thou art a princess, and the rightful heir
Of empire—by yon conscious Heaven I swear it—
That in its infinite mercy made Caswallon
Its instrument to save thee.—By the life
That I have cherished for thy sake, the joys,
And griefs, and fears that I have felt throughout
Thy rising youth—and by this last great hope
To see thee 'stablished on thy father's throne,
Thou art Lewellyn's heir!—
*Eva.* And not thy child.—
Oh! fallen from happiness indeed!—But thou,
My father—for I still must call thee so,—
Thou wilt have pity on me, and fast lock
This hideous secret in thy silent heart.—
Wilt thou not?—Awful Heaven!—he turns away.
Then am I answer'd, and my fate is plain.—
Most miserable outcast!

*Cas.* Say not that.
Thou shalt be great and happy among princes,
Cambria's acknowledged queen!—but time is wasting,
And I forget—there are some certain chiefs
That now at Snowdon's foot do stay for us.
Small need of preparation;—we'll but take
A hasty farewell of our forest home,
And straight set on.
*Eva.* A farewell of our home,
Where we have lived thus long and happily—
Ah!—What thy purpose?—spare me.
*Cas.* Royal maid,
It must not be.—Princess, a crown awaits—
A kingdom cries to thee.—Nay, linger not.—
My queen!—My child!
*Eva.* (*throwing herself into his arms*)—Aye, call me still thy child,
And I will follow thee throughout the world!
[*exeunt into the Hut.*

END OF ACT I.

---

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A rocky Vale, with Snowdon rising above. The Insurgents with* CARADOC *are discovered as waiting* CASWALLON'S *approach;* MADOR *in the midst. On either side are Bards, each standing with his harp upon a craggy eminence.*

*Mad.* Thus then ye men of Arvon, all is told.—
E'en now he comes, and with him that bright heir
Of royalty, Lewellyn's living child.
But first, as doth become this great occasion,
Let us take up the strain of ancient days.
Strike ye, my bardic brethren—ye that know
To rouse the slumbering might of minstrelsy,
Strike! to Lewellyn's praise build the proud song.

## AN ODE BY THE BARDS.

*Chorus.*

Hear Lewellyn—while to thee
We swell the tide of minstrelsy!

*First Bard.*

Still o'er Arvon fast and far
Rolled the cloud of Saxon war:
Still athwart its darkness played
The radiance of thy battle blade:
There where raged the thickest fight
Shedding fierce its vengeful light!

*Second Bard.*

Hark! an arrow hurtling by!—
Hark! a nation's anguish'd cry!
Who shall now afford relief?
Fall'n is Cambria's stately chief:
Ne'er his hand on battle plain,
Freedom's sword shall wield again.

*Third Bard.*

Hold! their lives in glory sped,
Peaceful sleep the princely dead.
Why prolong the notes of wo?
Bid the strain of rapture flow:
Let it to all distant ears
Tell the joy that now appears.

*Chorus.*

She comes!—she comes!—let harp and voice
Up to high Snowdon's peak rejoice!—

*Enter* CASWALLON, *leading* EVA.

*Cas.* Enough, my friends—amazement I perceive
Hath filled your hearts, for that Caswallon stands,

After a separation of such years,
Once more an armed warrior in your cause.
Pass that—a higher, richer joy is here.
*(Leading* Eva *forward.)*
Chiefs, fellow-sufferers, friends and countrymen,
I here present to you a princess, sprung
From ancient Arthur's royal line, and heir
Immediate of your dearly-loved Lewellyn—
'Twere long to tell how 'mid those earthquake wars,
Which swallow'd kings and kingdoms, I preserved her:
How I have bred her as mine own, nor yet
From year to year and heart to disavow
That dearest claim upon her filial love:
How she has been to me a more than child—
Sweet solace of my solitude thro' years
Which else I had not lived.—Let it all pass.
I here resign her to your common loves,
Cambrians—Behold your Queen!
Behold! and ye
That do acknowledge her now kneel with me,
Your voices join with mine aloud to cry
All hail Lewellyn's heir! *(kneels).*
*Cara.* Hail Princess!—
*Mad. &c.* Princess hail! *(all knell.)*
*Eva.* Alas, my—lord my loving friends—arise.
How should I thank you? My heart's gratitude,
That fain would find a passage from my lips,
Flows from my eyes instead, and leaves me speechless.
*Cas.* Blest tears! o'erflowing from the fount of love;
Be they received as is the rain from heaven
Upon a thirsty land; sweetly reviving
The blossoms of a nation's blighted hopes.

*Enter* Hoel.

*Cara.* Hoel—what means this haste?—
*Hoel.* Where is the Chief?
We have secured a Saxon spy, and wait
To take his orders.—

*Cas.* Spies upon our councils!
Set him before us.— [*exit Hoel.*
*(To Eva)* It were best, my Queen,
Thou should'st retire,—these tumults might distract
Thy unaccustomed spirit.—
*Eva.* I obey;—
But thou wilt follow shortly?—
*Cas.* With all haste.
*(she retires attended by* MADOR, *&c.)*
And now ye warriors, who with willing hearts
Have destined me to lead this high emprize,
Draw out your forces.—We must hold ourselves
Expectant of a daily, hourly blow.—
Brave Caradoc and captains to your charge.
*Exeunt* CARADOG, *&c. Re-enter* HOEL.
*Hoel* My lord, the prisoner.—
*Cas* Let me look on him—
His friendly visit shall have fitting welcome.
(FITZ-EDWARD *is brought in guarded.)*
*Cas.* Good sooth—a gallant presence! it should speak
Th' ambassador methinks, and not the spy.
Thou com'st with message from our mighty masters:
Doubtless 'tis so:—in sending thee they deemed
That lofty carriage could not but suffice
At once to fright us into good behaviour.
Fair youth—thy noble pleasure?
*Fitz-Ed.* Scornful man—
I reck not of thy taunts,—who merits not
May well despise them;—but before I tell
The purport of my presence here, resolve me—
Art thou the chief of this insurgent troop—
Or whom do I address?
*Cas.* Ask of thy country:—
Ask at whose uttered name in times of yore
The stoutest of her warriors shook with dread;
Whom even yet perhaps she chiefly fears.
Ask who it is that still hath stood erect
E'en in the midst of kneeling Cambria:

Who still hath scorned her conqueror—disowned,—
Despised,—spurned,—baffled him—and I am he!—
*Fitz-Ed.* Is't possible?—Caswallon!—
*Cas.* Aye—Caswallon.
What! doth it shake thee?—is the gulf, that gapes
Beneath thy tottering feet, at length revealed?
Thou art Caswallon's captive.—
*Fitz-Ed.* Haughty lord!—
Think not I stoop to deprecate your wrath.
My life is in your hands:—I am unarm'd.—
Use your advantage as you may—I reck not—
Yet—though the assertion now, I blush to think it,
May somewhat shew like the device of fear—
Yet truth demands my utterance to declare
I did not seek your hills with hostile aim—
I am not what you think me.—
*Cas.* No? and yet
Thou art a Saxon?—and thy coming hither—
Doubtless it was—
*Fetz-Ed.* To serve ye—yes, to save.
For think not that your rising is unknown:
Or that the Argus hate of Mortimer
Is slumbering 'mid your councils.—Wretched men!
'Twas pity for your past, your present woes
That brought me hither.—Oh! it is most true
Ye have had wrongs—
*Cas.* Indeed!—
*Fitz-Ed.* And heaven's my witness
That I have felt them to mine inmost soul.
That I have ne'er forgot the ties that bind me
To my dear native land, nor yet—
*Cas.* Thy land!—
Thine!—did I hear aright?—and thou art then—?
*Fitz-Ed.* E'en like thyself, a Cambrian.—
*Cas.* He avows it!—
Hear him!—he heralds forth his own deep shame!
Prank'd in the trappings of his guilt, he comes
To beard us with the boast—the very boast
Of his apostate baseness!—

*Fitz-Ed.* Spare to chide
Till thou hast heard my story.—I have fought
Abroad beneath the banner, it is true,
Of English Edward:—true, to him I owe
My name—my knighthood—all that I possess.
Since from my earliest years, while yet an infant
Found after Deva's fight, I still have lived—
*Cas.* That fight!—oh name it not. *(Covering his face, and then regarding Fitz-Edward with softened looks.)* Unhappy youth!—
Art thou a sufferer too from that same fight?
Yet do not tell me.—Oh, thou hast recalled
Days of despair and images of horror!—
A murdered wife and son.—No more—no more.—
And thou wert ravish'd from thy parents, youth?
So ran thy tale.—
*Fitz-Ed.* 'Tis all I have to tell.—
'Tis all I know, that in the sanctuary
Of a deserted convent chance reveal'd me
Beside a dying mother.
*Cas.* Heavenly Powers!
But this is strange—and stranger thoughts provokes.—
A convent!—'Twas to such a place—The time too
Exactly suiting.—A deserted convent!—
The name;—the name?—
*Fitz-Ed.* What can this mean?—
*Cas. (with impatient eagerness.)* The name?
*Fitz-Ed.* I have been told—
*Cas.* Was it St. Cybi's?—
*Fitz-Ed.* Ha!—
You then have heard—
*Cas.* It was! and I am wild
With hope new-risen as from the vanquished tomb!

*Enter* MADOR.

*Mad.* My Lord, the assembled bands—
*Cas.* I know.—Come hither.
Dost thou observe that youth?—his shape—his mien—

Nay—look upon him: for by all my hopes
Here and hereafter, I do think that youth
To be the child of my Guideria,
My long-lost, living son.
*Mad.* That Saxon knight
Thy son!—
*Fitz-Ed.* (*aside,*) Amazement mocks my every sense!—
Why should he eye me with such altered looks?—
Haply he knew my parents.—Ha!—dread Chief—
If aught, as thy demeanor doth denote,
Aught of my birth thou know'st, I do beseech thee
Declare it.—Have I—oh! I fear to ask—
Have I a father?—thou art silent.—Speak.—
Restore to me a father;—or if Fate
Hath envious snatch'd him from these filial arms,
Restore to me a name, and I will bless thee!—
*Cas.* Yet—yet, my heart, thou art too small to hold
A tide of bliss so copious!—One word more.—
Thou namedst an expiring mother.—
*Fitz-Ed.* Struck
By a chance arrow, as I since have heard,
While flying with myself, her infant charge,
From the victorious foe—to earth she fell:
And from her arms, that could no longer hold,
Unwilling gave me up—gave me to him
Who led that day the assailant host, and now
With sorrowing heart stood o'er her as she died.
*Cas.* Go on—she spoke to him.—
*Fitz-Ed.* She fain had spoken,
But could not—could not thank him for his oath
That nought should harm me, but with trembling lips
Just breathed the name of Armyn, and expired.
*Cas.* The name of Armyn!—I can doubt no longer.
Off!—let me hold him to my bursting heart:
My own—my living son!—
*Fitz-Ed.* Mysterious Heaven!
Art thou my father!—thou art—thy looks—

These clasping hands---all---all proclaim the truth.
Oh! let me kneel---
*Cas.* (*preventing him.*) No - to my bosom ever.---
And am I still a father?--Haste thee, Mador;
Spread wide my bliss---thou know'st to whom 'twill be
Most grateful.--- [*exit Mador.*
My bold Armyn, dost thou weep?
*Fitz-Ed.* A most degenerate softness that I blush at---
But 'tis confessed--my heart is all too weak,
Unmoved to stem this sudden surge of joy.
*Cas.* Alas! my son,---now, as I look upon thee,
Past times live o'er again. The veiling mist
That years have shed o'er my young manhood's morn
Doth break away, and all its hopes and joys
In shining prospect stand reveal'd before me.
I see thee still an infant, as when last
We parted; when from off my brow I put
Its dragon-crested terrors, and impress'd
A father's hasty farewell on thy cheek:---
Oh! then, amid her tears, thy mother smiled.---
Let from my thought what follow'd.---I have much,
My son, to pour into thy listening ear,
But moments now are precious. Go we hence,
And on the way I will discourse with thee.---
Thy hand---Caswallon welcomes his brave son
To the last sole retreat of Cambrian freedom.
[*exeunt.*

---

SCENE II.—*Interior of a Mountain Hut.*

*Enter* EVA *and* MADOR.

*Eva.* Yes, my good Mador, 'tis a tale indeed,
That needs must turn the adoring heart to Heaven.
They come this way---the sire and son---?
*Mad.* I left them

In the full flow and interchange of transport;
But do not doubt that hither in all haste---
And see--they e'en anticipate my speech---
See, royal Lady, where the proud chief leads
His young and gallant son.
*Eva.* Alas! the change!
I tremble now to greet whom some hours since
I should have met with all a sister's love.
*Mad.* Nay--droop not, Princess,---they are here ---awhile
Let me retire.--- [*exit.*

*Enter* CASWALLON *and* FITZ-EDWARD.

*Cas.* There.---In that young sweet maid,
The majesty of this thy native land
Breaks on thy sight. Approach and pay thy homage.
*Fitz-Ed.* Illustrious Princess!---*(Approaching, they recognize each other.)* Eva!---
*Cas. (Surveying both with surprise.)* How is this?—
Ye are no strangers, it should seem.
*Fitz-Ed. (confused.)* My lord---
The Princess will explain. I think that chance---
A service rendered once---
*Cas. (as suddenly recollecting.)* The time, thou mean'st,
That swooping kites had seized my truant dove.---
And was it thou?---
*Eva.* It was.---Let me make answer:
It was that noble youth, whose sword preserved me;
The first---last---only time we ever met.
*Cas.* It was a deed worthy Caswallon's son,
And well became his arm, who now prepares
To draw the sword in freedom's mightier cause;
Swearing it never shall know sheath again,
Till he have throned his country's queen, and writ
Her title to that glorious eminence
In the best blood that warms the Usurper's heart,
Such was Caswallon's solemn oath, and such,
My Armyn, must be thine.

*Fitz-Ed.* Alas! my father---
Thy words are wild. What would'st thou have me do?
*Cas.* What would I?---Dash from its proud pedestal
The statue of thy country's shame; avenge
Her grinding injuries---her insults---tears---
Dark ages of deep suffering and despair!
'Tis this that I would have thee do. Uplift
To its high ancient state and sovereignty
The trampled standard of our fame;---and, making
Thy mother-land vaunt of thee for ever,
From the mid-eyrie of her hundred hills,
Shout loud defiance to her tyrant foes!
'Tis this that---ha! my son---but thou art cold---
Thine eyes are on the earth, when they should seek---
A scope congenial with the task that claims thee---
The glorious and illimitable heavens!---
How? --Whence is this?---
*Fitz-Ed.* What should I answer thee?
Thou dost forget, my father, that to him,
Against whose sacred breast thou bidd'st me draw
The sword of rude defiance, I am bound
By ties of strongest gratitude and love.
*Cas.* Ha! ties---to whom?—'Twas as an ice-bolt shot
Into my heart that thought! To whom art bound?
*Fitz-Ed.* Even to him thou hatest—English Edward!
*Cas.* To Edward—thou!—
*Eva.* To Cambria's fellest foe?
Thou! Thou!
*Fitz-Ed.* To him –let me not blush to own it.
To him, that much abused and injured prince.
Nay, thou must hear—to him who first from earth
Raised me a nameless outcast—on my head
Thick showered his royal gifts—and sent me forth
A titled honoured knight—that late had been
The scorn of peasant grooms.—Aye, this did Edward—

And could I e'er forget it—oh! I were
The foulest ingrate, that hath yet made sick
This earth with his rank presence.—
*Eva. (regarding Caswallon, who appears lost in the contemplation of Fitz-Edward and his words.*
Saints defend us!—
Thou look'st wild, my father—oh this deep
Dead stillness more affrights than doth the storm.
*Cas.* Is this my son?—my long deplored—long lost?
And better lost forever, than found thus!
Oh! thou degenerate and unnatural!
That turn'st the deaf ear to a mother's cries—
Dost thou not shame to stand beneath the shade
Of these thy native mountains?—dost thou not
In their up-blackening and cloud-swathed brows
Read the dark glance of scorn, thy best reproach?—
Now, by our Snowdon's triple head I swear,
There's not a wind that howls around his side
A torrent stream that down his rugged steep
In thunders roars—or rock it rushes over,
But should speak to thee with a parent's curse!
*Eva.* Oh spare him—spare the undeserv'd reproach.—
Think of the ties—
*Cas.* I do—that he has sunder'd—
The ties that knit him to his native land.
*Fitz-Ed.* And say'st thou they are sundered?—no, my lord—
No—I dare look to Heaven in conscious pride—
But I am dumb.—
*Cas.* Hear then my final words.—
Thou art—oh! would to Heaven that I could doubt it—!
Thou art my son:—yet think not I will stoop
To share a heart whose undivided love
Is mine by Nature's charter—or should be.—
No—by my fathers!—either thou forswear'st
All league, and faith, and fellowship, with Edward,
Or, clinging still to him art lost to me.—

*Fitz-Ed.* Thou dost not mean—thou canst not hope it from me.
Renounce my benefactor!—my kind father,
When I was fatherless—sole friend when friendless!
Like the false snake i' the fable, fix a sting
Into the charitable breast that warmed me!—
Thou surely canst not ask it—
*Cas. (to Eva)* Dost thou weep,
My tender child? thine eyes are wet with tears—
My heart is dropping blood! *(To Fitz-Edward with emotion.)* I'm answered then?—
'Tis well.—Reject an outcast's broken fortunes,
And follow a more proud and prosperous fate.—
Hold on thy gay career: for courtly honours
Renounce all natural ties of kin and country,
Disclaim thy sire, and live an alien's slave!
*Fitz-Ed.* Inhuman!—but no—no—thou shalt not boast
A triumph o'er my better, nobler feelings.—
The billows of thy wrath may beat upon me—
They beat in vain! This heart may bendmay break—
Beneath the o'erwhelming weight of thy unkindness—
But to life's latest throb shall hold unshaken
It's faith to Edward!
*Cas.* Then there rests but this—
To cast away all clinging tenderness:—
And thus—
*Eva.* Thou shalt not speak it.—Oh! thy brow
Hangs o'er him as the pregnant thunder- cloud:—
Thine eye hath lingering in it! Spare him —Spare him!
He is thy son!—
*Cas.* Foe.—I disclaim, abjure him.—
As an infected leper from my breast
I shake him off—
I solemnly and utterly abjure him!

*Eva.* Heaven in its mercy!—is thy heart of stone? Abjure him!

*Cas.* Aye! as he hath done his country!—

*Enter* CARADOC.

*Cara.* To arms, my noble chief!—From yonder hill
We can discern the coming foe—nor doubt
Their purpose to invade.—

*Eva.* Protect us, Heaven!

*Cas.* Fear not.—Their number?

*Fltz-Ed. (hastily)* The united strength
Of Conway and Caernarvon!—Oh! 'twas this
I would have warn'd you to avoid.—

*Cas.* Avoid!

*Fitz-Ed.* 'Tis not too late.—Upon your lives I charge you
Meet not this coming danger—yet secure
Within you mountain holds and fastnesses
Remain—

*Cas.* Like a poor timid herd of deer,
Rousing at every leaf that rustles o'er us!—
No—instant to the fight! *(drawing his sword).*
*(To Caradoc)* Are the troops marshall'd?

*Cara.* They are at thy command.—

*Cas.* 'Tis well—lead on—
I'll follow.—*(exit Caradoc.)*—My sweet Eva, our first care
Must be thy safety.—Dearest! do not droop.—
I'll see thee in thy tent ere we depart.—
For thee—(*To Fitz-Edward*) with thy tame counsel and cold heart,
Hence, if it please thee, to the foe—thy friends—
Thy Saxon—Norman friends.—From this hour forth
Thou art no son of mine—thou art no Briton! [*exit.*

*Fitz-Ed.* My prayers are vain!—I've warn'd them and they scorn me!
As though my father from his banning lips
Breathed a contagious spirit—all—all reject me-
*(Observing Eva.)* Ah! but thou still art here—Angelic sweetness!

That did'st with tender and compassionate aim
Lift up thy pleading voice:—yet, what avails it;
Thou art thy country's Princess—and even thou
Must with the rest despise me.—
*Eva.* Heaven forefend—
Despise thee!—
*Fitz-Ed.* And thou dost not!—And at least—
All blessings light upon thee!—there is one
Who doth not quite abhor me—who reveres
The claims of gratitude, and owns their force:—
Heaven, for this sweetning in my cup of gall,
I thank thee!—
*Eva.* Hear me, thou exalted youth,—
Ere yet we part never to meet again,
Hear, while I speak one last and hurried word.—
There was a time thy providential arm
Wrought me a signal service.—Out upon
A most unworthy girl, who scarcely since
Hath proffer'd thee the bare return of thanks.—
*Fitz-Ed.* Unworthy!—Princess—
*Eva.* Nay, reply not now.—
The minutes speed, and we must haste our parting.—
Take then the only recompense, save thanks,
A grateful heart can make thee, this small chain;
And let it be to thee in after times,
Mid happier scenes—a slight remembrancer
Of one—who would not have thee—quite forget her.—
*(throwing it over his neck.)*
Now—now—farewell—*(turning away.)*
*Fitz-Ed.* Stay yet—thou heavenly maid?
Trust me there needed not a link like this
To bind thee to my bosom.—Since the day
When, as some sweet presentment in a dream,
Thy transient form first shot athwart my view,
Here hath it lived—down—down tumultuous heart.—
What is it I have said? Forgive me, Princess—
And yet, an hour ago—and I had deemed
This might have been—
*Eva.* I must not hear thee.—

*Fitz-Ed.* No.—
'Twere madness now to think it.—Then—oh! then
It was no sin—no wild extravagant hope—
But I have held thee, Eva, to my bosom—
Have felt thy throbbing heart to mine—have pressed,
Forgive the free avowal—*(taking her hand)*—on thy lips
Have pressed—
*Eva.* Release me.—At a time like this
Such thoughts are sinful.
*Fitz-Ed.* The rebuke is just.—
Go.—Go.—But we may meet again.—But leave me
That blessed hope.
*Eva.* It must not be.—Nay, deem me not, I pray thee,
Thankless, or cold, or cruel; but the slave
Of hard imperious duty.—We must part.—
But oh! think kindly of me:—do not hate
My memory—mid the gay and glittering scenes
That now demand thy presence, give at times
A thought to the lone wanderer of the hills;
Who in her constant orisons to Heaven
Will not forget Fitz-Edward.—Fare thee well!—
Would that I were not forced to add—for ever! *Exit.*
*Fitz-Ed.* She's gone:—and now I may defy thee, Fate—
The latest arrow of thy wrath is sped!
Hark! 'twas the tramp of martial men.—They haste
Headlong, with outspread arms, to clasp perdition.
My father!—is there not a voice will warn—
A hand will snatch thee from the perilous verge
Whereon thou stand'st? And thou, oh Eva, thou—
A tender maid, mid clashing hosts exposed—
But no—all guardianless thou shalt not be.
Still, though unseen, I'll hover near thee, still
Be as a shield of fire—far—far to scare
Each ravening hound of war that would molest thee!
*Exit.*

END OF ACT II.

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Valley interspersed with Rocks.* EVA *and other Women discovered variously disposed among them.* GOERVYL *on an eminence looking out.*

*Eva.* No.—'Tis in vain we listen.—Not a sound
Save ever and anon the heron's scream,
And murmur of the brook's perpetual flow.
*Goer.* Hark!—Did mine ears deceive me?
*Eva.* Heard'st thou aught?
*Goer.* A shout uprising faint from yonder dell.—
Didst thou not heed it, sister? *(to a companion.)*—
Hark!—Again—
And louder.
*Eva.* They are met then?
*Geor.* Oh yes—yes.
The conflict now is rife,—all signs evouch it.
See from the hurtling fray, where far aloft
Flies the scared eagle.—
*Eva.* Gorged e'en now perhaps
With Cambrian blood!—Ah me!—Each thing I look on,
Or sound I hear, strikes terror to my soul.
There's not a rock-bird's shriek but mocks the cry
Of human agony—there's not a wind
That moans around the mountain but doth seem
The last sad sigh of an expiring friend.
*Geor.* Some one approaches.—By his azure robe
One of our minstrel friends.
*Mad. (from without)* Where is the Princess?
*Eva.* 'Tis Mador's voice!—Here Mador—minstrel, here.

*Enter* MADOR.

*Mad.* Oh!—My dear Lady—
*Eva.* Do not pause—say on.
How fares it with our friends?—Is all—all lost?

*Mad.* Question me not, but fly—this instant fly—
The forest-depths of Snowdon shall alone
Protect thee now—there is no tarrying here—
This instant—
*Eva.* Mador—does my father live?—
*Mad.* I left him living—hosts environ him—
Spears bristle and swords flash around him—but
I left him living.
*Eva.* (*resolvedly*) Here I wait him then.—
He did commend me to this spot when parting
Mador!—I quit it not till he return.—
*Mad.* Till he return?—
*Eva.* If that must never be.—
'Tis terrible—but stirs not my resolve.—
I can die here.
*Mad.* Ah! Princess—
*Eva.* But my friends—
My poor associates—
*Geor.* Take no heed of us.—
Whate'er the issue of this fatal day,
With thee we will abide it.
*Eva.* Dearest! No—
It were unsafe.—Our numbers may attract:
Myself shall 'scape unnoticed.
*Geor.* Do not think it;
Should we desert you—could we—?
*Eva.* Call it not
Desertion—save yourselves, and you save me.
Fly—fly—another instant—and it may be
We are perceived—are in the foeman's grasp—
Farewell—farewell! [*exeunt Women*
(*Shouts heard from without.*)
*Mad.* Ha! the war rolls this way;
And with loud-summoning roar rebukes my absence.
Oh! I dare stay no longer.—(*going*)
*Eva.* (*Catching him by the robe*)—Ancient ma
And helpless! Whither would'st thou?
*Mad.* To yon height
There, wheer my choral brethren are assembled;

With all the fiercest force of minstrelsy
Flinging their ireful curses on the foe.
Oh! I did cast my harp upon the earth,
When, as I saw our reeling host give way,
The thought of thy exposed helplessness
Burst on my brain. Oh! then I fled to warn,—
Winged were my aged feet by fear and duty:—
That duty now is done—and I must haste—
*Eva.* It shall not be—thou hastenest to thy death.
*Mad.* Alas! Sweet Maid—'tis nothing hard for hairs
As white as these to strew the dust in death:
When youth is trailing his dark glossy locks
In war's red paths beside them.—On this head
The snows of sixty winters had been pour'd,
Ere thy young sportive fingers yet had learnt
To twine them with its tresses,—I am old,
And ask no better fate than this—to die
In the dear cause of freedom?—fare thee well.
One last adieu, and—(*going to kneel, she prevents him*)
*Eva.* Oh! Thou must not kneel—
Dear good old man!—'Tis I should bend to thee.
*Mad.* Thy pardon if I dare to disobey thee—
It is my first transgression, and the last.—(*kneeling and kissing her hand*)—
Farewell, dear Princess! Cease to weep for one
Whose earthly sufferings are so near a goal:
Breathe thou a prayer for mine immortal weal,
'Twill surely find acceptance from thy lips,
And be my passport to a better world.—
Now—now ye spirits of my slaughter'd friends,
I hasten to rejoin you!—Now, my harp,
One strain of triumph more in freedom's cause.
Then sleep thy strings forever. [*exit.*
*Eva.* Noble heart!
If prayer of mine may aught prevail on high,
Thou surely shalt be blest!—All's hushed again.—
It is that terrible quiet that precedes

The burstings of the thunder-storm!—Anon,
Another and a louder crash will follow.—
Oh! if the bolt fell on no brain but mine,
Here with unblenching— *(Shouts from without)*
Ha! it breaks! it bursts!
And I stand here—alone—exposed—defenceless!
Where are my maiden friends! Oh now—oh now
I do repent me that I sent them hence—
I do repent me that I went not with them.—
But they are safe, thou selfish heart?
*(Shouts and noise very near)*—Again!
It comes upon me, and I cannot fly—
It will o'erwhelm me! (*rushing to the farther side of the stage and calling violently*) Help! My father! Mador!
Help! help?

*Cas.* *(from without)* My child! *(He rushes in. Eva, with a shriek, running to him, throws herself on her knees and clasps his robe.)*

*Eva.* Ah! Heaven! It is himself.

*Cas.* In vain we combat—glen by glen, and rock
By rock I have disputed it, and still
They rush upon us! Aye—Swell on! Swell on!
Thou tossing and tumultuous sea of slaughter!
Here I'll await thee!—Threat with all thy waves,
They shall not wash me hence!

*Eva.* *(rising)* And thou wilt stay
To spend thy heart's blood at my very feet!
Is that thy horrid purpose? Oh away,
While yet thou livest—linger not.—

*Cas.* *(Gazing on the side from which he entered)* Distraction!
See there!—the wretched remnant of our friends
Cut down and trampled by the spurning foot
O' th' insolent conqueror!—Off.—Let me haste
To save—avenge—

*Eva.* Thou but wilt lose thyself.

*Cas.* Is not all lost?

*Eva.* No—for thou still art living.
Delay not—let us hence.
*Cas. (pointing off)* Look there!
*Eva. (turning away)* I dare not.
Away—away.
*Cas.* Oh, Heaven! my wretched country!
*(She draws him off; his eyes still fixed on the scene without.)*

---

SCENE II.—*A rocky Landscape.*

*Drums from without.—Enter* MORTIMER, DE LACY, *and Soldiers, as from the battle.*

*Mort.* Pitch we our pennon here.—Yet not the less
Upon them, and pursue.—Their leader lives.
Till he be slain or taken, nought is won.
(*To* DE LACY.) Sir Knight, how fares it with thee?
*De La.* Well, my lord.
Though I'll not boast,—my helmet went to shivers
In the very first onset: though of temper'd steel,
It did not care to 'bide the shattering mace
Of that same sturdy Welshman—my head sung,
Like the jarr'd strings of some crack'd instrument,
Beneath its numbing force.
*Mort.* 'Twas a hard day.
*De La.* I know not of the day—but for this head—
Well—we'll not speak of that.—Did any see
Fitz-Edward in the conflict?
*Mort.* I did mark him,
When first the battle join'd;—he stood aloof
On a hill's side—nor through the whole encounter,
As I believe, vouchsafed his knightly aid.—

*Enter* AUDLEY.

Now, Audley, is he taken?—is he slain—
The master mover of this mad revolt—?

*Aud.* Neither, my lord Though hard we press'd upon him,
His knowledge of the mountain mazes foil'd
Our nimblest footsteps:—like a roebuck fleet
He ran—he flew along the mountain's edge,
Though in his arms supporting, as it seem'd,
A drooping female.
*De La.* Aye--their Queen, belike,
Of whom that grey-hair'd man, the minstrel, spake,
As, at our feet expiring, he pray'd Heaven
To speed and save her.
*Mort.* And has she escaped?—
Perdition to the feet that vainly follow'd!—
Where did ye lose the quarry's track?
*Aud.* Amid
The intricate windings of a woodland glen,
Into whose dusky bosom—
*Mort.* Instantly
Beset each pass—plant troops at every turn.—
E'en yet they may be ours.—

(AUDLEY *gives directions to an Officer, who goes out.*)

*Mort.* Audley, do thou
Lead to the eastern hills some twenty swords.
Myself will guard the passes south of Conway.
Come, let us on.—Till this wild quarry's ours,
Ne'er may I justly say that we have conquer'd.
*(Drums beat.) Exit* AUDLEY *on one side*, MORTIMER *and* DE LACY *on the other.*

---

SCENE III.—*A wild and mountainous Pass; in the back ground a Cavern. Shelving Rocks on to the Stage.*

CASWALLON *descends, leading* EVA.

*Cas.* So—cheerly my, sweet Eva!—we have 'scaped
The hunter's toils—and here at least are safe

From present peril. Rest thou on this bank,
And give thy breath free vent. The way was rough
And toilsome for thy hurrying feet to tread.
*Eva.* Nay, let us hence—
*Cas.* Anon we will—but wherefore
Wanders that backward and enquiring eye?
*Eva.* It might be fancy—but methought a step
As of one following, fell upon mine ear.—
Nay, more than once, as hurriedly we cross'd
That dusky glen—I scarce could be deceived—
A warrior figure caught my glance, as though
Tracking our course. I saw his armour gleam
A moving light along the mountain's side,
*Cas.* Trust me—the phantom of distempering fear.
No more.
*Eva.* Return we, father, to our home—
Our dear, deserted home amid the hills?—
Or whither go we now?
*Cas.* To seek again
Concealment in those fastnesses were vain.
Far, far from hence must be our course.
*Eva.* Alas!
And whither?
*Cas.* To yon island of the Dane:—[*Isle of Man.*]
The only refuge left to us.—Ere while
Its sovereign was thy father's firmest friend—
And will not now refuse, in this dark hour,
A shelter to the child of him he loved.—
Fear not.—I know each cleft and ocean cave
Shall shroud us in the day-time, and at night
The moon shall light us on our lonely way.—
When once at Douglas—ah! thou'rt very pale—
These tumults have o'ercome thee.
*Eva. (faintly)* No.—I can—
I think I can proceed. (*growing weaker.*)
*Cas.* It must not be.—
There's day-light yet contests it with the moon.—

It were unsafe to trust the Menai's shore
At this so early hour.—Lo! here—a cave,
Where we may rest us, till the stars are up.
Come, let us enter—a short hour of rest
Will repossess thee of thy strength and spirit.
There—cheerly—lean on me. (*leading her in.*)

*Enter* FITZ-EDWARD, *having observed them.*

*Fitz-Ed.* I've traced them.—Ah!—
And is it there, ye desolate wanderers—there—
Within a damp and loathsome mountain den,
That ye are fain to shroud your houseless heads?—
Quick let me snatch ye from the wo— Yet, how
To front a father who rejects—denies me!—
Submission!—Well I know his haughty soul
Will ever scorn it.—Still I'll speak with him—
Essay the gentle eloquence of prayer.—
If he do cast me off—but I'll not think it.—
All's hushed within—

(*He is entering the cave, when* CASWALLON *appears at the mouth, with his spear opposed to prevent him.*)

*Cas.* Who seeks to enter, dies!—
Off.—I have strength in this unwearied arm—

(*recognizing his son, and coldly turning away.*)

Ha! is it thou?

*Fitz-Ed.* Turn not away.—One word.—
Upon my knees I beg it.

*Cas.* Let it be
A brief one, then.—What would'st thou?

*Fitz-Ed.* Oh, my Father!—
The tempest that my slighted speech foretold,
Hath it not burst upon thee!—

*Cas.* And 'tis this—
To tell me this, that thou art here—to vaunt
Thy skill in divination?—

*Fitz-Ed.* No.—I come
To break thy commerce with the midnight wolf—

To pluck thee from the lair where foxes litter :—
Restoring thee to all those social joys
That flow from man's communion with his kind :—
To place thee once again—
*Cas.* Beware—beware.—
If I thought *that*—thou know'st my temper—hence,
Nor urge it farther.
*Fitz-Ed.* Oh, I must, and thou
Must hear me, too.—Enough of constancy—
Enough of valor hath thy heart display'd.—
We are a fallen people.—To contend
With fortune now, were desperate vanity.
The sceptre hath departed from our land :—
The kingly sway—
*Cas.* Patience—oh, patience, heart!—
*Fitz-Ed.* Nay, hear me on.—Is not all lost?—and thou—
Dost thou still singly labour to oppose
The common doom?—Oh, idle all.—There now
Is left thee but one way to save thyself :—
But one—and I must speak it, howsoe'er
It grates against thine ear—it jars within
Thy bosom—I must speak it—'tis submission.
*Cas.* Heav'n!—are thy thunders idle?—and thou, Earth,
That yet endur'st his tread!—thou wilt not part
Beneath him, and deep hide his infamy!—
No—thou disdain'st that such a rank pollution
Should rest within thy bosom!—This to me!—
Submission!—Breathes the recreant to confront
Caswallon with such counsel?—Yes—behold him!—
There—with the utter'd wish—the hateful hope
Fresh reeking from his lips, he stands before me—
Endless disgrace!—a Cambrian, and—my son!
*Fitz-Ed.* Yet—yet I will be patient.
*Cas.* No—thou blot
On the pure 'scutcheon of thy noble fathers—
Thou shalt not plume thee in my fall, nor shew me
A humbled spectacle to swell thy pride

With—"Lo! my work, and there the untameable!"—
I read thy heart's deep purpose.
*Fitz-Ed.* Dreadful thought!—
'Tis not within thy hate's extremest bound
To think me so immeasurably base.—
Oh, these hot stinging tears!—I am a fool
To let it move me so—Away, weak heart!—
In upright conscious honesty, I stand—
And shake thy loose aspersions from my soul,
As lightly as the falcon from her wing
The dews of evening.—Yet one effort more.—
Yet think, however reckless of thyself,
On her, the tender partner of thy toils.—
Befits it thus a delicate maid to roam
With the wild wolf—to chamber with the bat—
To struggle with—?
*Cas.* I will not hear thee—Hence.
*Fitz Ed.* Obdurate man, bow thy proud spirit down,
If ta'en, thou diest.—Submit, and thou shalt live:—
Thou and that sweet young maid.—
*(Imploringly upon his knees)* Beloved father!
By Heaven's whole host, I will not see thee lost!—
*(starting up resolvedly.)*
No—if thou scorn to yield, I 'll instant hence,
And to the troops that now beset thee round,
Reveal the secret of thy lurking place.
*Cas.* Reveal!—betray me to—?
But no—thou art
Caswallon's son, and thus far he will trust thee.
*Fitz-Ed* Oh, agony of heart!
*Cas. (going.)* Nay, follow not.
Attempt to stay me, and a father's curse
Cling to thy soul, and hold thee lost for ever! [*Exit.*
*Fitz-Ed.* Hark!—are there thunders crashing in the air?
Or what is 't stirs my brain?—a father's curse!—
It fell not—'tis not *that* that rages here.
That misery still is spared me. He is gone:

And now there's no alternative—'t were vain
To think on't now.—There's yet a way to save him.
Edward will grant my suit—will surely grant
To a son's tears—I dare not doubt; 'tis Heaven
Inspires the thought, and Heaven will prosper it.
[*Exit.*

*Re-enter* CASWALLON *with* EVA.

*Cas.* You had been dreaming, then when that wild shriek
Smote on mine ear?
*Eva.* A hideous dream: and yet
Its prelude was so sweet—it seem'd, my Father,
That we were wandering at the dead of night
Amid our native mountains. Even as now,
The soft moon shed her sober beams upon them—
They never look'd more lovely: at our feet
There rippled on a gentle stream, that made
Harmonious answer to my wakeful lute:
For I was playing, as it appear'd, the air
That thou didst ever love.
*Cas.* (*smiling affectionately*) Even in thy dreams
Studious to please me.
*Eva.* Oh, but hear.—Anon
A change o'erspread my vision: all things strange
Were round us, and we stood I knew not where.
Aye, and about us then were flashing swords,
And furious faces, and grim armed men.
And yet amid these evil forms, methought
There shone a spirit of such radiant aspect,
That I was taking comfort at his presence.
But thou, my Father, though I knew not why,
Didst lower upon him with an eye so stern,
Hope sank beneath it—Oh! and then there rose
Such clamours!—I look'd up, and lo! an axe
Shimmering above me—and I could not move.—
And now 't was raised on high;—and now—I 'waken'd,
Even as the stroke descended.—'Twas so sweet
To find myself in safety!

*Cas.* A mere dream:
Dismis it from thy thought, and there it ends.
Come, let us on.—O'er every mountain path
Hath night extended now its silent shade;
Obscuring, yet not veiling quite; for see
Where Heaven, as though designedly to guide us,
Is hanging out its store of golden lamps.
The Menai may be gain'd within an hour,
And then—
*Aud.* (*without*) On, soldiers, on,—
*Eva.* The foe!—
*Cas.* No matter.
Quit not thy hold on me.—I will protect thee
To the last gasp of life!

*Enter* AUDLEY *with soldiers.*

*Aud.* Lo! where he stands.—
Yield, rebel.
*Cas.* Aye, my life perchance I may,
When ye have wrenched this good sword from my grasp:
But not till then, be sure on 't. Let me pass;
Or with this precious burthen in mine arms,
I'll hew me out a passage o'er the necks
Of your strewn numbers. Back I say.
*Aud.* Beware.
It is thy capture, not thy death, we want.
Nay, an he seek to pass—Soldiers, strike on.
(*They are advancing, when Fitz-Edward rushes forward, wrests the sword from Audley, who is foremost, and places himself so as to protect Caswallon*)
*Fitz-Ed* It must be through my heart then! Dastard hinds!
Did ye not heed the charge I gave?—Retire,
And wait my further word.
*Cas.* (*who at the appearance of Fitz-Edward has staggered back.*) Thou!—thou!—in mercy swear it was not thou

Who leddest hither—oh impossible!
I will not think it.
*Fitz-Ed.* Think the worst: I am
Most guilty—if to have preserved thy life
Be guilt.—The service I have done the state
In making thee its captive, shall at least—
*Cas.* The deed *was* thine, then? Now may every curse—
*Fitz Ed.* (*throwing himself upon his knees*) Oh strike me with thy sword, not with thy breath.
Behold—I bare my bosom to the blow!
Strike—stab—but curse not.—
*Cas.* Strike? and I would do it,
Did not a nobler office claim my sword.—
Take thyself hence.—
*Fitz-Ed.* No.—Here immoveably
Plant I my foot to bar thy further progress—
Thy rushing on destruction!—if thou still
Art bent to pass, it must be o'er my corse!
*Cas.* Ha!—tempt me not.—I'm desperate.
*Fitz-Ed.* So am I.
Strike!—strike!—thou shalt not pass.—
*Cas.* I've warned thee.
*Fitz Ed.* Strike!—
*Cas.* Nay, thus then—(*he is raising his sword, when Eva's voice arrests him.*)
*Eva.* Hold!—upon my knees I fall.
Hear me, if not thy son.—That lifted sword,
Think on whose head it is about to fall!
Thine Armyn's.—Spare him, save him, and submit!
Heap not more woes upon me.—As thy child,
Whom may's thou live to cherish, I invoke thee—
I charge, conjure thee (*seeing him still inexorable, and determined to rush on, she rises from the ground, and with an air of majesty*) Nay then, as thy Queen
I do command thee!—Mercy!—mercy! mercy!
(*He drops his sword.—She throws herself on his bosom; while Audley signs to the soldiers to secure them.*)

## ACT IV.—Scene I.—*A Court in Conway Castle.*

*Enter* Mortimer, De Lacy, *and* Audley.

*De La.* Faith, 'tis a valiant heart! A nobler one
Ne'er beat within the breast of man. Didst mark,
As silently he strode along, the scorn
That sat 'twixt smile and frown upon his visage?
And then his eye—how lit with indignation—
Till upon thee it rested, and its fires
Had waned into contempt.

*Mor.* I did not heed it.

*De La.* Oh no, my Lord; I had forgot, your eyes
Were on the maiden fixed:—your every sense,
Your soul seemed lost in her approach. I mark'd
The awe, the rapture—ah! beware, my Lord,
How you become your captive's prisoner.
You have your duties—

*Mor.* Sir, I shall perform them.

*De La.* I' faith I doubt thee; but farewell, farewell.
I must to horse o' the instant. Thy prompt zeal
In quelling this wild effort of rebellion
Shall not be lost upon the King at Chester.

*Mor.* I shall feel honour'd in your fair report.
A prosperous stirrup to thee. *Exit* De Lacy.
Audley, no—
Thou wilt not wonder that my soul was stirr'd,
When in our blooming prisoner I beheld
The very form that struck me 'mid the wilds
Of Arvon.

*Aud* Her thou mean'st, whom young Fitz-Edward
Wrench'd from thy followers' grasp. Is it not said
She is of royal birth?

*Mor.* And truly said:
Let us not doubt it; 'tis a chance may much
Assist our projects. She is young and fair;
That 's nothing: the gilt toy—the bauble beauty
Belike might tempt not; but the high-derived,

The royal, maiden, Audley, must be mine.
*Aud.* Thy wife, my lord?
*Mor.* I love, but I would wed her
In furtherance chiefly of my golden views:
Would wed her as the aspiring ivy mates
With the tall column, for support in climbing.
My fortunes married to the heir of Wales,
What fate too lofty for my thoughts to challenge?
*Aud.* I guess thine aim, and 'twere a master-piece
Of politic craft, couldst thou indeed achieve it.
*Mor.* What should prevent?
*Aud.* Her guardian: while he lives,
It were in vain to hope it.
*Mor.* While he lives!
As if old Conway's walls were not his dungeon,
Nor Mortimer his keeper.
*Aud.* Wilt thou dare
To take his life?—To strike at him, the father
Of young Fitz-Edward? Think'st thou that the King,
The youth thus dear to him, will e'er assent?
*Mor.* I know not, and I reck not; this I know,
That if mine interest claim it, he shall die.
Hast thou commanded that the captives hither
Be led before us?
*Aud.* Aye, my Lord; and list,
They come.—
*Mort.* That haughty look—hark you a while:

*Enter* CASWALLON *in chains, with* EVA *guarded.*

*Cas* Fear not, dear child;—they shall not harm thee, maid:
They dare not.—
*Eva.* 'Tis for thee alone I tremble.
Thou wilt exasperate with thy lofty speech.
Be patient, I entreat thee.—
*Cas.* I will be
Most abject, do not fear it; thou shalt stand
Abash'd at the tame patience I display.

*Mor. (advancing and regarding Caswallon.)*
Aye—this is well; a sight that Conway's towers
Have long desired.—And thou art he of whom
I erst have heard my father speak, the foe
Who wont to light him through our wasted lands,
By the broad blaze of burning towns and forests.
The untameable!—untraceable!—at length
A wretched captive.
*Cas.* Chain'd and weaponless.—
Lord Mortimer is right sure of that, and therefore
He fears not to approach him.
*Mor.* Insolent!
Whom yet no stretch of clemency could move,
Ere we proceed to judgment, is there aught
In mitigation of your crimes' award
You would advance?
*Cas.* I've first to learn my crime:
Next to demand be what presumptuous right
Ye dare to lead in captive train, this last
Sole scion of a thousand sceptred kings!
*Mor.* The question fully manifests the traitor.—
Thou still art madly bent to disallow
The paramount rights of high Plantagenet,
Nor in Cærnarvon's Edward own'st thy King.
*Cas.* King!—King!—Caswallon own in England's Edward
His King! in him, the juggling Longshanks' son!
Now may Heaven's lightnings wither—
(*Eva regarding him with a supplicating look*)
Well—I'm calm.
*Mor.* (*aside*) This is beyond my hopes; he sounds the knell
Shall knoll him to his death! Again to touch
The string of discord. Thou hast spoken then?
Attest his words, ye that are present, note,
He doth admit his treason: doth exult
In the abnegation of his fealty—
*Cas.* Fealty!

Thou fool! to whom didst think—?
(*To Eva*) Child, I must speak—
My fame, name, honour, my life's life demands it,
Fealty to him—the Saxon!—ha! am I
An Anglian? or a Dane?
Did I e'er kneel to him? or swear to him?
Surfeit his pride by oath or homage? Yea
Attest my words, ye that are present:—note,
That as I ever scorn'd him, so I now
In upright and unblenching strength of spirit
Defy, deny, spurn back*, and laugh at him!

*Mort.* Oh, this obdurate disposition bars
Each avenue to mercy. Guards, attend
The traitor to his dungeon. I dare hear
No more.

*Cas.* Aye—shew us to our prison-house;
So as it shuts out thee, its gloom is welcome.
(*Taking Eva's hand.*)

*Mort.* Nay, quit thy hold; the maiden goes not with thee;
From this hour, ye are parted.

*Cas.* Parted!

*Eva* (*with extreme terror, and clinging to Caswallon*) Parted!

*Cas.* No—no.—

*Mort.* Away with them to separate cells.
(*Guards approach.*)

*Cas.* Back, ruffians. Mortimer this must not be;
Behold her—look upon her agonies—
A fiend would pity her;—a savage could not
Tear off these twining arms.—We must not part.

*Eva.* Oh! is his heart relenting? Does he yield?
I dare not look upon his eye, lest hope
Should wither in his stern, destroying gaze.
Yet will I kneel—
(*Approaching Mortimer, Caswallon stops her.*)

---

* "I do defy—deny—spurn back, and scorn ye."
BYRON'S MANFRED.

*Cas.* No.—Heaven forefend it!—kneel!
A Princess—and the daughter of Lewellyn!—
No.—If there must be suppliant joints—behold—
Look, lord—how I 'll make proud thy Saxon soul.
(*Dropping on his knees.*)
We must not part.
*Mort.* I 've spoken; and the word
Is past recall.
*Cas.* Oh! any thing but this.
Put me to any suffering—any shame—
But this. See—see, I 'm writhing at thy feet.
Tread on me,—I will bear it;—bear to feel
Thy trampling scorn upon my subject breast:
But part us not. Upon my knees— (*Looking up, and observing Mortimer still inexorable, he starts indignantly from the ground*)
Curst slave!
I 'm shackled:—Ye have ta'en away my sword,
Or else—I swear it—else—amid thy guards—
(*Speaking with difficulty: then, as he surveys his chains,*)
Oh, hopeles--lost for ever!—
*Mort.* Lead her hence.
*Cas.* One moment.—(*Hastening towards her.*)
But to say a short farewell—
If it must be. We never yet have known
A parting.
*Eva.* Heaven!—and must we know it now!
*Cas.* My child, there is no help.
*Eva.* But we shall meet,
Shall we not, father, on this earth again?—
They surely do not mean to murder thee!—
Thy son, the noble Armyn—
*Cas.* Name him not.
Dearest!—it matters little what the doom
They mean for me.—I have lived long—have seen,
Ere the dark tempest gather'd o'er our land,
Some early days of sunshine.—But for thee,
The young, the queenly, and the beautiful—

Oh! there 's a thought that runs like molten lead
Through my scorch'd brain!—
*Eva.* Let me partake it with thee.
Is 't death that thou would'st warn me I must meet?
The daughter of Lewellyn should not bring
Shame on her fathers in that final hour.
*Cas.* Unearthly excellence!—yet 'tis not that
That tortures.—'Tis—oh! my young innocent child—
Thy inexperienced heart cannot conceive
The furious passions and wild wants, that drug
This compound of all sinfulness—the world.
'Tis the dread thought of after-ills!—of what
These hateful savages may seek to do,
When I, who should protect, am—far away.—
(*Half aside*) E'en as I led thee through the nether court,
I mark'd the lustful eye of Mortimer!—
*Aud.* Prisoner, the allotted moments are expired.
*Cas.* I will be brief.—If it must be,—my child,
A sure and swift escape from ignominy
Hath ever lain nearest my heart.—'Tis here.—
Dar'st thou receive it?—Though the draught be death,
From poison of a blacker, deadlier power—
The taint impure—the blight of nameless shame—
Should such assail—it will deliver thee!—
Dar'st thou receive it?—
*Eva.* (*after a pause*) Give it me.
*Cas.* Yet—oh!
Use it not rashly.—It may be that Heaven
Reserves thee for a spotless life of bliss.—
Farewell.—One last embrace—one lingering look.—
(*Holding her a little from him, then snatching her to his bosom.*)
I cannot part with her!—Take—take my life—
But pluck not out my heart, while I am living!—
Inhuman murderers!—Eva, my sweet child!—
Soul of my being!—ha!—she faints—her hands
Relax their feeble hold—

*Eva.* (*falling back into the arms of the soldiers*)
Oh, mercy! mercy!—
(*She is borne off. Caswallon remains gazing after her, till she is lost to his sight.*)

*Cas.* Now, to your dungeons—to my death, lead on.
(*He is going, when Fitz-Edward enters. He then suddenly pauses, and extends his hand so as to shut him from his sight.*)

*Aud.* Wilt not proceed?

*Cas.* My path's beset.—Look there!—
That reptile, there!—How shall I tread to 'scape him?— [*Exit.*

*Fitz-Ed.* What may this mean?—in chains, and separated!—
Where is the princess?—My lord Mortimer,
Was it not specially enjoin'd, when first
I yielded these great captives to thy care,
That all respect befitting their high rank—
Ha! thou last not forgotten?

*Mort.* Hearken, youth:
Throughout these walls hold I an absolute sway.
Whether it be my pleasure to confine
Or free—to pardon or condemn—to deal
Immunity or death—I know no laws
Should render me accountable to thee.
Trust me, on this, as on all like occasions,
I 'll act as it may suit the general weal;
Not shape my conduct but as it may hit
The humours of an inexperienced boy.

*Fitz-Ed.* Heard I aright? To deal immunity
Or death;—as it may suit the general weal!
What is it then—? (*Aside.*) There 's that within his words,
Shews like the serpent's eye of fire from out
The obscurity that wraps him. In Heaven's name,
What is 't you purpose?

*Mort.* I 'm not bound to lodge

My counsels in thy breast:—should they not square
With thine own views—
*Fitz-Ed.* My views!
*Mort.* Aye, thine. Dost think
I cannot trace up to their rightful source
These feelings for the prisoners? The fair Eva,
A lady of incomparable charms!
Of fortunes, too, well worth a young knight's mating:
Of royal birth, and—
*Fitz-Ed.* Wretch! beneath all answer.
*Mort.* Or is it that the old Caswallon—he—
That restless ruffian—
*Fitz Ed.* (*indignantly and hastily.*) Name him not so lightly.
It may be, lord, that thou hast yet to learn
The ties that Nature hath imposed between us:
Know, then, that he, whom thy presumptuous speech
Attacks in turns thus scornful, is my father:
Nor think the son shall e'er stand tamely by
To hear the sacred author of his being
Insulted and defamed!
*Mort.* Sooth, then, 'twill tax
Thy knighthoodship at every turn, or men
Must exercise a most strange patience with thee;
A patience that methinks the felon's son,
The offspring of arch treason—
*Fitz-Ed.* Again! But on—on with thy valiant taunts!
Oh, it is great, in truth, and well becomes thee,
To stigmatise a chain'd and captive foe,
Who, hadst thou fronted him in the fight, to earth
Had fann'd thee with the waving of his sword!
*Mort.* And dost thou think me then—?
*Fitz-Ed.* I'll tell thee what.
Or ask thine own heart; it will answer thee.
Nay, never grasp thy sword: if it be true,

The nobly-minded only are the brave,
Heaven knows, there's little to be fear'd from thee!
*Mort.* Audacious stripling! if another—
*Fitz-Ed.* Faugh!
Villain at once, and coward.
*Mort.* Coward!
*Fitz-Ed.* Yes,
I said it,—coward! receive it as you list!
*Mort.* Defied!—ha!—hold my desperate hand:—
to take
His wretched life were worthless retribution.
I will have lasting vengeance. Simple boy,
Put up thy blade, nor think that Conway's lord
Will ever stoop to measure swords with thee.
To-morrow haply may bring down those looks:
To-morrow, when thou seest, as see thou shalt,
Thy father, thine attainted rebel father
Fulfil his felon doom upon the block.
*Fitz-Ed.* Thou dost not, dar'st not mean it!
*Mort.* Thou shalt see.
Ho!—Audley.

*Enter* AUDLEY. MORTIMER *whispers in his ear and dismisses him.*

*Fitz-Ed.* Hateful wretch! What have I done!
An icy sickness shoots through all my veins!
My brain turns round! If it be thus indeed,
'Tis I—'tis I who have prepared the block
On which a parent dies!—'tis I who lift
The fatal axe, who strike the severing blow:
Murderer and parricide—I!—But no, the King,
The King himself, shall do me instant justice,
Ho! hark thee, Mortimer.—Detested fiend!
That with the hungry vulture's horrid joy
Dost revel in thy fellow-creatures' blood;
The King is now at Chester, I thank Heaven!
At Chester; a few hours will bring me to him
And, mark me, if ere I return thou darest
To execute the deed thy speech imported,

Thy life shall answer it! Though mountains piled
On mountains stood between us, still I'd climb,
Headlong to hurl my wrath in thunder down,
And dash thee to perdition! Now to the King.
*Mort.* Aye, to the King.—Go, cringe and fawn and flatter.
Exert thy subtlest wiles, means may be found
To cross them still. Look to thyself, fair youth:
Thy footing is not oversure:—I've said it:
Look to thy tottering self. Fruitless the shield
Even of a monarch's breast to shelter once.
Thou slave of the despised Plantagenet,
Beware the fate of Gavestone!
*Fitz-Ed.* So!
*Mor.* Rash fool!
I have betray'd myself.
*Fitz-Ed.* Thou double traitor!
False to thy trust, and—but I loiter—ho!—
My horse.—So good and kind a Prince!--beware
The fate of Gavestone!—traitor!—and look thou
To Lancaster's, whose head on Chester gates
Attests the sure reward that waits on treason.
*Mort.* Nay, then there's but one way.—(*Stamping with his foot.*)
*Fitz Ed.* What ho! my horse—
Ye lazy grooms—(*crosses Mortimer, and is going out on the opposite side, when Audley and guards enter and stop him.*)
*Mort.* Guards, instantly arrest
The knight Armyn Fitz-Edward.—He hath done
Insult to Conway's Governor.—Away.
Let him not speak;—confine him, till you hear
Our further orders.
*Fitz-Ed.* Off, ye villain slaves!
On your allegiance, off!—I have news to tell
The King.—
*Mort,* Away with him!—
*Fitz-Ed.* Unhand me.—Hear me.—
(*He is hurried off.*)

*Mort.* Away.—Why this was greatly done.—The boy
Had wrought me mischief else.—Now there is time
To breathe—to think—to act.—Soft—let me see:
The father dies; but for the son—how now?

*Enter* AUDLEY *hastily.*

*Aud.* My lord—the prisoner—as we led him on
Along the ramparts that o'erhang the moat—
Desperate, and with a sudden bound, he broke
From his attendants' hold, and headlong down
Plunging,—
*Mor.* Was buried in the waters?—
*Aud.* No—
Gained the opposing bank; upon his steed,
That staid for him beyond the outer gate,
Swift vaulted, and with lightning speed—
*Mort.* Escaped!
Could not your arrows reach him?—
Oh fool—fool!
Escaped!—then I'm not safe within these walls
One other day.—At once adieu to Conway.
Yet, while my word is current, give command
Caswallon meet his doom at morning dawn.—
The fairer captive claims a different fate:
Of her anon.—Much must be done ere morn.

*Exeunt at different sides.*

END OF ACT IV.

---

ACT V.—SCENE I.—*An antique Apartment.*

EVA *discovered leaning against a pillar.*

*Eva.* So.—The last star hath faded—and 'tis day.
Returning morn hath summon'd into shape
Each horrible object round.—Let not mine eye
Dwell on them; but away from these drear walls,
Bearing my thought in kindly company,
Escape to my dear native hills.—

Alas!—
How cheerily yon mountain doth reflect
The vivid tints of morn:—the thin white mists
Do part from it like a discarded slumber;
And there it rises in the calm, cool air,
Rejoicing in each gentle breeze that wafts
Freshness, and gladness, and sweet health around.
Oh! that my spirit could take wing, and bear me
To mingle with—ha!—hark!—there's some one comes.—
Good angels guard me!—*(Noise of falling chains. The door is opened, and enter Mortimer.)*
Mortimer!—

*Mor.* Young maid,
I come to tell thee—but by Heaven, thy youth,
Thy beauty, that sweet deprecating look
And bashfulness of gesture, doth almost
Make utterance of the word impossible—
I come to tell thee that the assembled court
Already hath pronounced upon thy crimes,
And thou art doom'd to die.—

*Eva.* Die, my lord?—die!
'Tis terrible—'tis sudden!—and my father?

*Mort.* Thy father, maid?—

*Eva.* No—not my father—yes—
My heart's acknowledged father!—what of him?
What is his doom?

*Mort.* His life is forfeit too.

*Eva.* Oh no—beseech thee, no:—let mine suffice—
Cheerfully will I lay it down, so he
May live:—Oh let him live!—whate'er he did,
'Twas done for me. I am the guilty one—
I—I alone,—let not the innocent suffer—
Beseech thee let him live.

*Mort.* I have spoken, maiden;
He hath deserved his sentence—but for thee—
Shall I confess it?—shall I say my heart
Trembling owns it is most hard for thee—
For one so young and beautiful to die.

How wilt thou bear the ribald scoff, the jest—
The gaze of shouting multitude—the grasp
Of the rude headsman, as from off thy neck
He tears that jealous mantle's crowded folds?
And yet all this awaits thee—
*Eva.* Cruel man?
Have ye not said I must endure it?
*Mort.* Maid—
Wish you to 'scape from this? wish you for life?
It may be yours.—
*Eva. (eagerly)* Oh speak:—ah me! my heart—
My coward heart! 'twas but e'en now I pray'd
For death—and do I shrink at his approach?
Yet speak.—
*Mort.* At once then to lay bare my heart—
Eva, I love thee—nay, my gentle maid—
Turn not away—thou shalt be happy yet.
I have the power to save thee—the sure means
To snatch thee from the headsman's lifted axe.
Come thou with me:—together let us fly
These death-denouncing towers;—this key unlocks
A wicket that shall open safety to thee:—
Come then, ere yet it be too late—and if
The tenderest, truest love—
*Eva.* Oh Heaven! Oh Heaven!
Sustain me—strengthen me!—my father!—now
Thy last words ring in my distracted brain!
*(To Mortimer.)* Unhand me.
*Mort.* Eva! what wild thoughts are these?
*Eva.* (*Resolvedly, and with an air of majesty.*)
Lord Mortimer—you hitherto have known me
But as a timid maid, who dared not lift
Her eyes up from the ground whereon you trod:
Whose every word came with a sob-like sound—
And every limb betray'd too visibly
The heart's internal terror:—you have seen me
Shuddering and humbled even to your feet:
But now I rise—I shake aside all fear—
And feel myself the daughter of Lewellyn!

Lead to the block! Methinks my father's spirit
Now o'er me stands—the blood of all my race
Is gather'd round my heart, and aids me thus
To scorn thee, and defy thee! Lead to the block!
*Mort.* Thou dost reject my tender, then?
*Eva.* Thy love?
To fly with thee?—rather to instant death.
*Mort.* Aye, and thou shalt; yet think awhile, rash girl—
E'en *now* the scaffold waits thee; the fierce scorns,
And shames, and jests of circling multitudes
Are ready to be heap'd on thee: and thou
May'st fly from this to life and liberty.
Think—think and choose.
*Eva.* I have already chosen.
If that mine hour is come, summon thy guards
To lead me forth.
*Mort.* I will: but not to death.
No, gentle maid; the coarse, officious handling
O' th' executioner would ill become
Those delicate limbs; that soft and snowy neck
Was never form'd to meet the smiting axe.
Thou shalt not die. Spite of thyself, I must,
I will preserve thee. Hear me.—
*Eva.* Oh, how long
Must I endure this language?
*Mort.* I had hoped
That soft persuasion, and that natural fear,
With which the bravest of us look on death,
Would have subdued this folly. But away
With arguments that help not.—I must force
Compliance from thee.—Know that there are those
Now waiting my command to bear thee off—
I haste to summon them. (*Going.*)
*Eva.* Stay—stay—my cries
Shall rouse the castle. Stay—
*Mort.* (*contemptuously.*) Thy cries! As soon
They would be heard, as on high Snowdon's top
The herdsman's whistle in the wilds below.

*Eva.* Oh, mercy—on my knees I do adjure thee—
Take me not from these walls: I am prepared
To die within them: I will meet the axe
With silent lips, and an unshuddering frame:
Oh, mercy! man of purposes more fell
Than murder, mercy—mercy! (*Clinging to him.*)
*Mort.* Frantic girl,
It is to save thy life.
*Eva.* (*still on her knees, and clinging to him.*) For worse—far worse
Than fifty thousand deaths! Oh, hear me—hear me. (*He breaks from her, and exit.*)

(*A bell tolls.*)

*Eva.* What meant the tolling of that bell! I've heard
That such a sound should speak the leading forth
To death of the condemn'd My father, then—
'Tis for my father that it tolls! E'en now
He dies!—e'en now, perhaps, with frantic voice
Calling on me! His cries are in my brain—
I hear them! Murder! murder! Hark, a sound
Of trampling feet!—They come to drag me hence.—
No gleam of help—of hope! Heaven, in its mercy,
Preserve, or quickly end me! (*She rushes into an inner apartment. The front door is opened, and Mortimer, with Audley and another, enter through it.*
*Mort.* (*pointing to the inner apartment.*) Follow quick—
Ye have the key of yonder wicket—that
Secures her mine. I will remove the guard,
Then join ye with all speed.—Away and prosper.
[*exit* MORTIMER.

(*They follow Eva into the apartment; the bell still tolling at intervals.*)

SCENE II.—*A Court in Conway Castle, with Turrets on either side, and a large closed Gateway in front. Bell tolls.*

*Enter* HARCOURT, CASWALLON, *and guards.*

*Har.* Here halt awhile.—Ere we unclose the gate
—Chieftain.—
*Cas.* (*Who has been anxiously looking around for Eva.*) She is not here.—And I had arm'd
My heart to see her—ah! no—no—my child—
I never could have borne to see her die.—
And yet a parting—
*Har.* Prisoner!—
*Cas.* Well, Sir—well—
I'm ready—did they see me droop? (*aside*)—proceed;
Why did ye pause?—I neither ask'd nor wish'd it.
*Har.* Mistake me not.—This is thy latest stage.—
Look round thee.—Yonder closed gate alone
Divides thee from the scaffold.—
*Cas.* Bid it open.—
I can endure the sight.—Thou shalt not see me,
Be sure on't, walk with soul or step less firm,
Than when I trod upon your necks in battle.—
*Har.* Hold yet awhile.—Cambrian I speak to thee
In kindness—hear me, nor misjudge my motive.
In the late wars, amid the whirl of fight,
Fate threw my father to thy conquering sword,
And thou did'st spare him.—Is there aught then—
say—
Of worldly care that weighs upon my mind;
Wish unexprest, or unbequeathed charge—
I'll do thy bidding faithfuly.
*Cas.* I thank thee.—
Nothing.—And yet a thought—a wish there was—
Thou art not mocking me?—
*Har.* Thou dost not think it.
'Twas ne'er my wont to sport with the afflicted.—

*Cas.* Men's eyes are on us:—yet a word—my child—
Sir—I have ever called her so.—My child—
What—is to be—her fate?—
*Har.* Would I could tell thee!
A convent it may be.—
*Cas.* My innocent child!
All angels, stooping from their bright abodes,
Behold and guard her!—haply, when I'm dead,
Thou wilt convey to her—wilt tell her, sir,
That with my latest dying breath I bless'd—
Tell her—[*much agitated, then, as if unwilling that Harcourt should behold it*]—lead on:—it matters not.
*Har.* Unbar
The portal gate—and let the prisoner—

(*The gates are thrown open—and the scaffold is disclosed. Upon it stands the Executioner with his axe, and around, a multitude of Spectators. In the back ground are visible the distant Mountains of Arvon: at the sight of which Caswallon, who had advanced towards the gateway, suddenly pauses.*)

*Cas.* (*with a burst of pride and pleasure*)—Ha!
My native hills! Saxon I did not think
Your jealous rulers would in aught have given
Caswallon cause for thanks!—'tis here!—'tis here!
My native mountains!—your attesting gaze
Shall cheer me in my death!—my parting soul
Shall be exhaled into the air—itself
As free—the air that clothes your star-crown'd summits.
Oh ye, my rugged, kind, and constant friends—
The nurses of my earliest years—the stay
And solace of my latest—smile upon me!
Bear witness, what I still have lived, I die,
That which you made me; with your noble forms
Inspiring correspondent thoughts, and knitting

My spirit to a kindred hardihood.
Bear witness that, though vainly, I have fought
Valiantly in your cause; and that the wish
Next to this heart, after that dearest one
To free, was still to fall for you. Farewell.
On to the block!

*(He has now reached the Scaffold, when a loud shout is heard, and De Lacy's voice exclaiming,)*

Stay, stop the execution.—
Upon your lives I charge you:—give me way—
It is the King's command.

*(He rushes in, followed by Ormsby and Fitz-Edward bearing Eva.)*

*Cas. (Rushing from the Scaffold and catching her in his arms.)* My child!
*Fitz-Ed. (Dropping on his knees.)*—He lives!
Thank Heaven! thank Heaven!—I have not sped in vain.
*Orms. (To Harcourt and shewing a written parchment.)*
Sir Officer—release the prisoner.—Lo!
Your warrant for it.
*De La.* And hark you—ere he leave
These towers, secure the traitor Mortimer.—
There's your authority;—(*Striking the parchment which Ormsby has delivered to Harcourt.*) the King's own seal.—
About it instantly. (*Harcourt bows and withdraws.*)
*Cas.* (*clasping Eva.*) My beautiful child!
My peerless and my pure!—It is no dream:—
Again I hold thee to my heart. Again—
Oh, Gods! this rush of transport will destroy me!
*Fitz-Ed.* (*with exultation.*) 'Twas I!—'twas I who saved her!—To the earth
smote the villains who were bearing her
Out at the portal. Now, my father, own,
Hast thou not wrong'd me?—
*Cas.* (*intent on Eva.*) Soft—she speaks—her voice

Once more shall pour its music on my soul.
Why dost thou shun me, Eva?—Heaven! how pale
Thou look'st.—Lean—lean on me.
*Eva.* (*with a wild look of horror.*) What have I done?—
O! do not look so overjoy'd, my father!—
Thou dost not know—
*Cas.* Know what?—I have thee here—
How can I not be joyous?—Why dost tremble?—
All here are friends.—
*Eva.* Oh! and we might have been
So blest!—that villain Mortimer—
*Cas.* (*alarmed*) How?—what?—
He had thee in his power—?
*Eva.* He had—and threaten'd—
*Cas.* Threaten'd!
*Eva.* Thy last words—oh! I cannot speak.
*Cas.* Not speak?—My heart is throbless till it hear thee.
In pity to its agonies, proceed
He had thee in his power—but thou wert saved?
*Eva.* Aye, from his loath'd embrace, but not from sin—
From Heav'n-distrusting phrensy!—I had heard
That thou wert doom'd to die:—the bell toll'd out,
To tell me they were leading thee to death.
I madden'd at the sound. Even at that hour
Fell Mortimer approach'd with purpose vile,
To drag me from these walls. Distracted, wild,—
'Twas then, thy last words working in my brain,
I thought of thy last gift—and, terrible sin!
Drank up thy deadly poison!
*Fitz-Ed.* Poison! poison!
Thou dost not mean—my heart is crush'd to atoms!
If this be true—
*Eva.* Oh! do not hate me thou—
It was in madness that I err'd. Dear youth,
Look on me.—Ah! my swimming brain—
*Fitz-Ed.* (*running to clasp her*) She dies!

*Cas.* Off. Shall it be in any arms but mine?—
Though I have murder'd her.—Thou pure and blameless!
Yes; I have murder'd thee. The sin was mine—
Mine be the punishment!—Avenging Heaven!
Am I not punish'd now?
*Fitz Ed.* Accursed act!—
And *you* could arm with the fell means of death,
The maid that—but no—no—'tis plain in this
You never loved her.
*Cas.* Never lov'd her!—what,
My child here?—never loved her!—have I lived?—
She was the spirit that warm'd me—my heart's blood,
Its pulse, soul, life, and essence.—Never loved,
For that I'd rather see her dead, than flung
To nameless shame?—Look on me.—Whence these tears,
That, strangers to mine eyes for twenty winters,
Now rive their frozen sources?—Whence this heart
Now bleeding, breaking, bursting—never loved her!
*Eva.* It was his anguish, not his heart that spoke.
Oh, my dear Father! would'st thou shed the balm
Of peace upon my parting spirit—take
To thy forgiving breast this noble youth.—
Yet, ere I die, let me but hear thee bless him;—
And—oh! how cold it grows—
*(With a feeble and imploring voice to Caswallon)*
My Father!—Father—
*Cas.* There—die in peace, sweet saint!—Bless thee, boy—bless thee.
(*Grasping his hand, but with his eyes still fixed on Eva*)
*Eva.* It is enough.—Dear Armyn! fare thee well.
'Tis no sin now to say how near my heart—
Oh, Armyn! I have ever loved thee fondly—
Forget me—
*Fitz-Ed.* (*franticly*) This to hear, and thus to lose thee!—

'Tis more than I can bear.—My reeling sense
Sinks under it.—
*Eva.* (*very faint*) Oh! I am dying now.—
I feel it. There steals o'er me such a sleep—
It creeps through all my veins into my heart—
It draws my eyelids down in spite of me.—
Father! where art thou?—let me feel thine hand
Within my own.—Oh, bless thee!—Mercy, Heaven!
(*Caswallon lets her gently down from his arms, and remains fixedly bending over her.*)
*Fitz-Ed.* Dead!—dead!—she is not dead—not yet:—those eyes
Have only closed in sleep.—Ha! is 't not so?—
Then bring me poison too.—Oh, blessed sword!—
Thus—thus I may defy— (*Attempting to stab himself, De Lacy seizes his arm.*)
*De La.* Thou madman, hold!—
*Fitz-Ed.* Oh cruel—oh ye Heavens!—
*De La.* Look to the father there.—
Beshrew me, but my heart is rent in twain
To see this sight.—
*Orms.* Best lead him from the corse.—
(*Approaching.*) Chieftain!—
*De La.* He hears thee not.—)
*Orms.* Caswallon!—
*Cas.* (*turning round, but with his arms still clasping Eva.*) No!—
Ye shall not take her from me.—Here I 'll hold
An everlasting vigil!—ah fool! fool!
(*In a subdued and humble tone.*)
I know that I 'm your slave—and I must do
Just as you bid:—but pray, be pitiful!—
She 's dead—but not to me.—I cannot let
The cold earth have her yet.—Heaven keep my wits
(*Clasping his brain—then suddenly*
Whose voice was that? heard ye it not? oh! well
I know the sound—though many years have sped
Since last it smote upon me:—'tis Lewellyn's!

How shall I meet his frown?—
(*Looking up.*) No—no—he smiles.
As he was wont, upon me;—he extends
His eager arms, and—ha! it is herself!
(*Starting wildly from the ground.*)
With an instinctive knowledge she springs forth
To clasp him---and together up they soar
In radiance through the skies!—
Stay for me, Eva—stay for me—my child!---
A moment---and I'm with thee.
(*falls back and dies.*)

FINIS.

MAY 31 1901

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper proces
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: May 2009

PreservationTechnologie
A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATI
111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 014 549 978 1